

MANTI CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION DELEGATES

AND

MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE

(Incomplete)

Hon. Isaac Morley (1851) Territorial.

Hon. Charles Shumway (1851) Territorial.

Hon. Frederick Cox—Constitutional convention, 1862.

Hon. William Anderson—Territorial.

Hon. Lewis Anderson—Constitutional Convention.

Hon. Luther T. Tuttle—Territorial Council (1884)

Hon. John Lowry—First State Legislative Assembly.

Hon. C. P. Larson—State Senate.

Hon. P. P. Dyreng—State House of Representatives.

Hon. L. R. Anderson—State House of Representatives—First Speaker in capitol building, elected on 24th ballot.

Hon. A. M. Mellor—State House of Representatives.

Hon. Ernest Madsen—State House of Representatives.

Hon. Ray P. Lund—State Senate.

1857 THE BIRTH OF A HATCHET

"At this time there was considerable ill feeling in Ephraim against Manti because Geo. Peacock, the chosen delegate to the Utah Legislature did not live in Ephraim. The Ephraimites nominated Kofod as their representative"—Sanpete Record, Church Office, Salt Lake City.

TALES OF EARLY MANTI

MEET CHIEF YAKARAH (WALKER)(*Wal-kara*)

Probably the most noted chief among the Indians was Chief Walker who was the acknowledged chief of the Utes, yet feared among the different tribes of Indians as well as among the white settlers. History records his birth about the year 1815 and his place of birth as the banks of Spanish Fork River in Utah County where his tribe was camped. The name given him has an Indian meaning of "Brass." Gottfredson tells that when Walker was about twenty-five years old he had a vision:

"He died and his spirit went to Heaven. He saw the Lord sitting upon a throne dressed in white. The Lord told him he could not stay, but had to return. He desired to stay but the Lord again told him he could not stay, that there would come to him a race of white people that would be his friends and he must treat them kindly."—From Indian Chiefs of Pioneer Days, Compiled by Kate B. Carter.

WALKER TRIES TO KILL HIS MOTHER

BY MRS. ADELIA B. SIDWELL

Walker, once in solemn conclave with the conflicting passion of his own turbulent soul, decided that his mother, a withered, wrinkled scrap of a woman, who looked as if the first mountain breeze might annihilate her, had cumbered this earth long enough, attempted to end her life. She was a quick, wiry, plucky little creature and though well advanced in years, after receiving several very severe cuts, and bruises at his hands, any one of which would have ended a common mortal's career, made good her escape, and remained hidden among the bullrushes of Sanpitch swamps for a week or more with no known means of sustenance. When she concluded his wrath had somewhat subsided, she came crawling back to the wickiups, and was permitted to drag out a sort of attenuated existence a few years longer.

WALKER WENT TO CALIFORNIA TO STEAL HORSES

FROM BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF UTAH

"Walker was the chief of the Ute Indians . . . Uinta was the great chief of this region, and Ora was the head chief of the Ute nation . . . Walker's headquarters was the Sevier, generally. He would pay a visit to Sanpete once a year."—Wells' Narr., Ms. 48, 56.

"Walker used to go into California to steal horses; had a place of concealment among the mountains. At one time, while there, people were so incensed that they turned out to capture him and his band. In the dead of night he quietly took possession of their horses and trappings and came back into Utah triumphant. He would boast of his proceedings some time later. He never brought stolen goods into the settlements, but secreted them among his people."—Utah Notes, MS., 8.

A SCRAP OF TRUE HISTORY



WHERE MARY LOWRY LIVED,
NOW THE HOME OF BISHOP
ALPHONSO HENRIE.

There lived a great and powerful Indian chieftain named Yakarah, known to the white people as Walker, whose tribe of fierce warriors roamed in undisputed possession from the northern bounds of Utah to her southern limits, and made raids and war on all the surrounding tribes, the Siouxs, Shoshones, Bannocks on the North (the Sanpitches and Pah-Utes being tributary tribes), and the Navajos and Apaches on the South, coming off victorious in many of their encounters.

The handfull of isolated colonists in Manti lived in constant fear of this powerful old "Blue Beard." Brigham Young said "more feed than fight," etc. So the Indians always demanded a fat beef about every new moon as the price of their valuable friendship whenever the tribe was in camp along the Sanpitch river.

This doughty old warrior filled his turbulent brain with thoughts that he'd like to own a "white squaw" and sent word to Brigham Young, demanding a present of one. The President was in ignorance that he had already made his selection, so he told him if he could find one that would consent to become Mrs. Yakarah (Walker) to go ahead. His preference

was soon found to be a young, brilliant, beautiful damsel of Manti—a daughter of Bishop Lowry—sweet as a summer morn, graceful, vivacious, a lady in every respect.

One day, when the members of the family were in the fields or elsewhere at work, except this young girl (yet in her late teens) who was left to care for her poor, old, helpless, speechless, paralytic grandmother, this great all-powerful warrior, bedecked in all the gaudy paraphernalia and trappings of savage magnificence and finery—feathers, paints, tinkling bells, brooches and copper spirals down his ebony locks, came to tell this poor frightened child of the overpowering love that was consuming every fiber of his barbarous heart.

He poured into her ears the tale of a splendidly elegant and imposing wickiup he would build for her, told how rich he was, what numberless droves of horses he owned, and how he would furnish her future home in such barbaric splendor as should astonish all beholders—nicest buffalo robes, costly furs, seal, ermine, sable (skunks) and bearskins, sheep pelts and cowhides from the Tesican ranges—long horns, hair and hoofs on all. He was willing to promise never to take her to the mountains as he did his other squaws, but she could always live in his wigwam and he would learn the white man's ways and live with her.

The poor child listened to this impassioned harangue with white lips and fainting heart, leaned on the back of her grandmother's chair, as if that poor old helpless soul might be protection and safe refuge in her extremity—alone with that inhuman monster, with the innumerable atrocities and murders he had committed burning in her brain, and of others he would commit if she angered him. O for a father's arm! Where were her brothers? Why didn't they come to her deliverance? That was the moment when big events hung trembling in the balance—when the lives of every man, woman and child in Manti was held in the hand of that weak, trembling, frail child, but which proved her to be strong in resources. Should she refuse his magnificent offers—this grand matrimonial alliance—refuse all this consuming affection glowing in the bosom of her savage admirer, the next chapter would be rapine, murder, pillage, assassination and all the horrors of an Indian massacre.

"Oh," she faltered, instantly renouncing all her bright maidenhood dreams, "but I'm already married, I'm already a white man's squaw."

"Who?"

Who indeed? She despairingly thought over all the names of her friends who were eligible for matrimony. At last in sheer desperation, or was it inspiration, she said, "Judge Peacock." He hardly believed it and while the lightning flashed from his glaring eyes, the old reprobate snatched his hunting knife from his belt and plunged it through the soft pine table, indicating what Judge Peacock might expect to receive at his hands at the first opportunity.

"Oh," she breathed again when he went. But what had she done, lied to save who?—herself and the whole community. Perturbation seized her, would it avail or would the calamity fall anyhow?

She met her father when he came home from the field and told him all.

"Poor child," he said, "your word must be made good immediately." Judge Peacock was summoned. Father Morley was sent for in hot haste and there was a wedding, the knot was tied fast and sure—irrevocable when Father Morley did the job.

Next a wireless telephone message went to Brigham Young at Salt Lake City. On six legs—horse and man made quick time—and the word came back "Come to Salt Lake City and remain in hiding 'till the passion of the old chief has time to cool." They left between two suns.

Then President Young applied a heavy poultice of fresh beef to heal the broken fibers of Walker's badly lacerated organ of affection. The tribe buzzed like angry bees awhile—but the beef poultice soothed. (The treacherous old heathen, Walker, died in a short time.)

BY ADELIA B. SIDWELL

A WALKER EXPEDITION TO ARIZONA

An incident in the career of Walker, unconnected with the Mormon settlements, but illustrative of the craftiness of his character, his extensive resources, the subtle fertility of his intellect, the immense distances and domains traversed by him on his raids, may not be uninteresting. With quite a following of his dauntless braves, he went off across the Colorado, through Arizona, perhaps even to the borders of Old Mexico, to obtain a fresh supply of horses.

They were very successful in bunching several hundred of the Spaniards' "Cayuses," and in getting off without an encounter. But the Mexicans were in hot pursuit. Walker and his braves kept ahead of them with their booty well in hand, until the Colorado was reached. Once across this formidable stream they would be in comparative safety; but it was a raw day, and the horses were not warm enough to "take to the water." In spite of their utmost endeavors, the animals could not be forced to cross the river. The Indians were in a dilemma; it appeared as though they must abandon their prize, or risk a pitched battle on an open plain. Walker was disposed to do neither and was equal to the emergency.

The daring chieftain, being personally unknown to the Spaniards, selected a dozen of his trusty braves, took a few head of the stolen horses and with crestfallen and defected countenances, turned back and met their pursuers. He delivered to the Spaniards the few horses taken for the purpose; representing to their owners, that this small party of warriors were mutineers; that they had quarreled, and in consequence, had a fight with Walker, had lost three of their men, and had succeeded in capturing this many of the horses; told them that Walker was now across the Colorado, beyond the possibility of pursuit and capture, and that this leader and his mutineers deserved a great reward not only for their dead warriors, but for their honesty.

They comforted themselves in a manner to bear out this daring fraud and convinced the Spaniards of the utter uselessness of following Walker. The two parties camped together for some time and smoked the pipe of peace. The Mexicans after paying them a liberal "Bonus" for their supposed dead braves, bade them farewell, and took with them the few horses returned, for which they had paid almost the full value, and departed for their respective ranges.

By this time the weather had settled, and Walker again reaching the banks of the Colorado, was enabled to cross, and without firing a shot, risking an encounter, or losing a man, brought his still numerous band of horses in triumph to Utah. Such was the man in whose tender mercy the infant settlements of Sanpete were cradled.

BY ADELIA B. SIDWELL

WALKER THE CRAFTY INDIAN CHIEF

The question has repeatedly been asked, "What started the Walker War?" The question will in all probability never be satisfactorily answered. Those best acquainted with the prominent traits of the nomadic races of North America, know how small a spark it takes

to explode the dynamite of their ferocious natures. Pitiless and blood thirsty, the smallest injury is avenged in deeds of blackest barbarity.

Incapable of consecutive reasoning; with violent, but transient feelings, it is difficult to tell what slight cause precipitated the bloody war referred to. But this is certain, when the Indians were most peaceable, the settlers were never free from apprehension as the following incident will serve to illustrate.

Walker was the "War Chief," and the aged Sowiatt, the civil, political or diplomatic chieftain, a very eloquent speaker, wielded quite as much influence and power as Walker himself, though seldom interfered with war matters.

On one occasion when most of the male portion of the inhabitants of Manti were away, some working at Hamilton's sawmill on Pleasant Creek, others gone to "The City" on business, etc., leaving only 10 or 15 men including aged men and very young boys, Walker who happened to be in one of his "moods" literally spoiling for a "row," and knowing too well the weakness of the town, put on his war paint, and sent a peremptory demand for the whites to deliver up to him for death, Shumway and Chase, the two most influential men left in the settlement.

Of course the demand was not complied with, the settlers determining to sell their lives as dearly as possible; the fate of the town hung on a mere thread. Sowiatt disapproved of these high-handed proceedings and called a council. Of course, the doomed inhabitants supposed the council was to decide the time and manner of their death. Walker, who was no "slouch" in an argument, appealed to the best passion of his braves 'till it seemed universal slaughter was imminent.

Then old Sowiatt arose with manly fervor, plead the cause of the whites, beseeching his followers to forego the hope of plunder, and the gratification of conquest, presenting to them with eloquence of a Demosthenes, the cowardice and shame, of such great chiefs and braves attacking Squaws and Papooses; and although passion, tradition and savage nature were all against him, the magnanimous old fellow so wrought upon the feelings of the warriors, that when he drew a line and said, "those who will live in friendship with the Mormons, let them follow me," he drew after him such a formidable array of braves, as to leave the discomfitted Walker with a force too small to dare the attack, and he accordingly stowed himself away somewhere to sulk in morose and moody silence, until his war paint had lost some of its vivid hues, when he came in and told the whole story on himself.

And this is how our Mormon settlements were planted and under God's divine protection, thrive.

Our men labored hard all day, standing guard by turns all night, bearing with fortitude and patience the various disappointments and disasters incident to frontier life.

BY ADELIA B. SIDWELL

BEGINNING OF THE BLACK HAWK WAR

Yes, the Indians had been preparing for war. Hadn't they moved their families into the mountains? An Indian stopped long enough to tell Chief Walker who was attending the Mormon Church services and immediately all the Indians who were in the fort hurriedly left.

That night the whites called a meeting because they knew trouble with the Indians was ahead. They decided to send a group of young men to gather in all the cattle which belonged to the whites and which were grazing in the valley to the south.

Next morning (Monday) the boys gathered at the south gate of the fort. They were all unarmed except Peter Munk who owned a pistol and holster. The other boys were wishful and at last the gun was loaned to Peter Ludvigson. And the party set off riding three abreast.

The plans were to ride together on the way out, then scatter and drive the cattle back to the fort. So the boys rode on, enjoying the fine weather and each other's company.

When they reached Nine Mile, a shot rang out from ambush and Pete Ludvigson fell from his horse dead. The other boys, because they were unarmed scattered and one by one found their way back to the fort. (Peter Munk came back by way of Pettyville).

At the fort all was excitement. A posse of armed men on horseback, together with a wagon and team of horses set out to recover the body. The trip was without accident and they found the body face down in a prickly pear bush. All clothing except the socks had been removed and the Indians had cut a strip of flesh from the back. This the Indians roasted and each took a bit—a sure sign of war. Pete Ludvigson's body was brought back to Manti for burial. The Black Hawk war was on!

RUTH D. SCOW

AN INDIAN WHO BECAME AS A WHITE

Many years ago a little Indian boy was sold for \$25.00 to James P. Brown, a Manti pioneer of 1849. His name was "Shockman" which was later changed to Alma Shock Brown. The Brown family were very kind to Shock. He learned the English language and attended school and church. With the outbreak of the Black Hawk war Shock proved to be very helpful to the settlers of Manti. He saved many lives. Mrs. Elva Christiansen's father, Christian Anderson, was a soldier in the Black Hawk War. He was captured by the Indians. They had him tied to a post and were ready to kill him when someone came galloping on a horse. It was Shock Brown. He explained to the Indians in their own language that Mr. Anderson was a good man; and with the help of some trinkets the Indians released him to Shock Brown.

Christian Anderson was naturally very grateful to Shock for saving his life and tried to do all he could for him. Shock married an Indian girl, Betsy. They were very happy. They moved to Sterling and Christian Anderson christened their three children. History says that in 1866 he went to Omaha after emigrants.

Shock was buried in the Manti cemetery. His family were buried there also. A monument was erected in appreciation bearing the inscription: "The Indians, Shock Brown and Family."

JANE ANDERSON

THE STORY OF PRESIDENT MORLEY'S BABY

Old Walker and his braves were on the warpath. Many times disquieting rumors had come to the struggling Mormon colonists that their homes were to be razed to the ground. But, as yet, nothing serious had occurred.

One evening, however, Chief Walker strode into the little settlement, accosted President Morley and demanded that his son (President Morley's little son) a beautiful child with

dark curly hair and laughing brown eyes, should be given into Chief Walker's custody overnight. A promise was given that no attack should be made and that the baby would not be harmed if the request was granted.

The mother of the child flatly refused to sacrifice her babe. President Morley, however, told his wife, that it was better that one person should perish, if need be, than that the whole colony should be destroyed. Chief Walker, therefore, very much pleased, carried President and Sister Morley's baby to his wigwam.

All night long the frenzied mother paced the floor. Little was her faith in the promise of the crafty Indian Chief that her baby would be safe. Morning came at last, and with it Chief Walker. Contrary to his habitual custom of not fulfilling his pledges, the baby was spared and the town was saved.

BY ADELIA B. SIDWELL



AT THE TIME OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY - 1857

At this time the Nauvoo Legion numbered a little over six thousand men, about one third of whom were in the field in the latter part of 1857. The Sanpete military district under General Warren S. Snow did its duty nobly, for General Snow was soon in command of a detachment which was on its way to report at headquarters in Salt Lake City. On their way to Echo this company participated in that memorable campaign of 1857. Of the Manti men the following is the list as far as can be obtained: General Warren S. Snow in command; George Peacock, Adjutant; William Bench, John Patten, Fred W. Cox, Jr., Abner Lowry, A. E. Dodge, Enoch Dodge, R. G. Clark, Geo. P. Billings, Nathan Dodge, Robert Brown, George Petty, James Richey, Alfred Billings, Nelson Higgins, Jr., David V. Bennett, William Miles, Jeremiah Hatch, Daniel A. Washburn, and Lorenzo Marble. It is said there were thirty-five men from Manti but as there are no rolls of command now, I cannot positively say who the others were. Wm. Bench, Jr., then a lad, drove a herd of cattle from Manti to Echo camp alone.

The company all returned home late in December of that year; no casualties for there was no war. * * They had made good the resolve—to prevent the invading army from passing into Salt Lake Valley. They did it, and not a drop of blood was shed.—M. F. Farnsworth History.

En route east through Salina canyon Johnston's army passed through Manti, stopped to have mules shod. William Anderson, skilled blacksmith made a flatiron from ends of clipped nails. This flatiron is now in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers relic house. A cannon ball which Mrs. Hannah Madsen had is now in the church bureau of information in Salt Lake City, while the army wagon which was supposed to have been burned at what is now Camp Williams but was recovered by Howard Cox's father, is at Sugar House. In April, 1859 there was considerable excitement in Manti caused by a detachment of U. S. soldiers about 100 strong who unexpectedly swooped upon the town for the avowed object of arresting the leading men of Manti on trumped up charges, but the parties wanted could not be found. Two companies of U. S. troops passed through Manti with fifty wagons May 30, 1859.